

her and Beatrice a sympathy which seems to have been born of a sense on her part that possibly the daughter of whom, as but a child, she had said, ^{Ct} Beatrice is the only one of my children who is below the average in intelligence," might yet be destined to idealise her own smothered, hardly admitted, ambition for service and public work

Beatrice's own picture of her youth suggests a not happy and rather hostile isolation. Her affection for her mother was a late growth. Her father, a glowing radiant figure, gave her all sorts of contacts and freedoms, but spiritually left her alone. It was the Synthetic Philosopher who best understood her. "As a little child," she says, "he was perhaps the only person who persistently called for me or rather who singled me out as one who was worthy of being trained and looked after." His certainly was a commanding influence in her development but for him, she might, in a hundred ways, have grown up into a very different woman. Her autobiography is largely a record of that influence immensely stimulating on the mental side, but possibly actually thwarting on the moral and emotional. Nothing is more arresting, in those fascinating pages, than the remark she drops, apropos of his death, that "if I had to live my life over again, according to my present attitude, I should, I think, remain a conforming member of the National Church." With a strong mystical sense, and a deep natural

Puntanism, appearing
and re-appearing in manifold guises
throughout her career,
she was compelled, by his influence, into a
long sojourn
in the and wastes of a kind of Rationalism
that could
never satisfy her temperament, nor was she
ever wholly
to escape from the shape of his style His
influence
was the more potent that there was nothing in
her environ-
ment to offset its intensely intellectual
bias Theie is
an element of passion m her temper that
cries out for